

W. Thomas

THIRTY YEARS IN NYASALAND

BY AUGUSTINE AMBALI



276.89
Aml6t

Research
01-00023121

Moulton Library

Bangor Theological Seminary

Presented

by

The Rev. Robert Howard



THIRTY YEARS IN NYASALAND

REV. E. N. THOMAS



CANON AUGUSTINE AMBALI AND HIS WIFE, MABEL.

THIRTY YEARS IN NYASALAND

BY AUGUSTINE AMBALI
Canon of Likoma, Priest-in-Charge
of Ngoo Bay



UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA
9 DARTMOUTH STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

SECOND EDITION

INTRODUCTION

THE following notice, which was originally written for the *Nyasaland Handbook*,¹ is prefixed here because it has been felt that this book may come into the hands of various readers who do not know our history and who may be glad of such a summary as an introduction to the book itself. It should be noted that it is simply and solely a record of the work of the Mission in Nyasaland, and does not deal at all with the great work done in and near Zanzibar before the division or with any other past or present work in the diocese of Zanzibar or Northern Rhodesia. Further, it is, and was only intended to be, a summary. Details can be found in the lives of Bishop Mackenzie, Bishop Smythies, Bishop Maples, and, most important of all, in *My African Reminiscences 1875-1895*, by Dr. Johnson.

“The Universities’ Mission was founded in answer to an appeal made by Dr. Livingstone to the University of Cambridge on December 4, 1857. Cambridge accepted the appeal and other Universities joined. Oxford, London, and Durham have steadily supported and shared the work; Dublin took part for a time, but more recently has developed missionary work on its own account elsewhere. It is hoped that as years go on the newer Universities

¹ *An official publication about this Protectorate generally*, 5s. Crown Agents, London.

will also take it up, and a first meeting with such an end in view was held at Sheffield in 1920.

“ The first missionary chosen to begin the work was C. F. Mackenzie, of Caius College, Cambridge, who was consecrated as ‘ Missionary Bishop to the tribes round Lake Nyasa and along the Shiré River ’ on the 1st of January, 1861. The Bishop with a party of three priests and three laymen attempted at once to reach the diocese by the Zambezi route ; they got to Magomero and some work of much promise was begun, but before the end of the year slave-raiding, and tribal war generally, made any settled work impossible. Early in the next year, 1862, the Bishop went to Chiromo to meet some new workers ; various accidents happened, including a canoe upset and the loss of all medicines. Shortly after the Bishop got fever and died on January 31. The work of that year (the first organized missionary work in the country) is represented by the graves at Magomero and Chiromo, and the first native Christians of Nyasaland date from it. One child who died was certainly baptized, and another (Anne Daoma) who was first taught by Bishop Mackenzie is still alive and is working as a Christian teacher in Cape Town. A memorial church dedicated to St. Paul was built at Chiromo in 1907, and in 1921 it was re-erected at Blantyre, since the township of Chiromo has ceased to exist. The grave of Bishop Mackenzie near the junction of the Ruo and Shiré rivers is well kept and cared for.

“ The next Bishop was Dr. Tozer, and he came to the conclusion, after trying the Zambezi entrance again and spending some time at Morambala, that his best chance of getting through to the main diocese and the Lake was by the caravan route from Zanzibar. He moved to Zanzibar accordingly, as a temporary measure in order to do this. It did not,

however, work out as soon as was expected, and this stage of the work took some years, during which much missionary work grew up, at Zanzibar itself, chiefly among released slaves, and more generally on the coast opposite. In 1875, Bishop Steere, who had succeeded Bishop Tozer, got to Mwembe, Mataka's village, a place then and since in direct connection with Lake Nyasa; in 1876, Chauncy Maples, afterwards Bishop, and the Rev. W. P. Johnson, afterwards, and still, Archdeacon, joined the Mission for this work. Mr. Johnson was at Mwembe for some time between 1876 and 1880, and in 1881 at last reached the lake with Charles Janson, who, however, died almost immediately at Chia. It is interesting to note that Maendaenda, the Chia chief of those days, was still chief there in 1921.¹ Since then, work on the lake has gone steadily forward and practically the whole east coast is occupied. In 1885, the steamer *Charles Janson*, in memory of the above priest, was built on the Shiré and began work on the lake. During this period Likoma Island was occupied, and became, as it remains, the headquarters of the diocese. Work was also begun at Kota Kota. Bishop Smythies, who succeeded Bishop Steere, visited the Lake, and the Mission stations, five times, but the work was practically under the direction of Maples, who had become Archdeacon. In 1890 the Bishop came to the conclusion that it was impossible for the same man to be responsible both for the original work in Nyasaland, now in order again, and for the new work, now of much importance, that had grown up in and near Zanzibar. The diocese was therefore divided, Bishop Smythies remaining at Zanzibar, which now became a separate diocese, and Dr. Hornby being consecrated for Nyasaland. In 1893,

¹ He has died since this note was first written.

Fr. A. G. B. Glossop, now Archdeacon, joined the staff.

“The next stage began with great difficulties. Dr. Hornby broke down in health almost at once and had to resign. Archdeacon Maples, who was consecrated to succeed him, was drowned on his way from the Bar to Kota Kota before he had really taken up his work as Bishop. Several other members of the staff died about the same time. Dr. Hine was consecrated as the new Bishop, and at last the work went forward steadily, the principal extension being in the Yao hills between Mwembe and the lake. In 1901 he was translated to Zanzibar, and Dr. Trower was consecrated to succeed him in Nyasaland on January 25, 1902. He remained till 1909, and developed the diocese into practically its present condition. His first work was to consecrate a new and much larger steamer given in memory of Bishop Maples and called after him. He also built the great cathedral at Likoma. Besides this, he initiated much extension both at the north of the lake, along the shore (then in German East Africa, now the Tanganyika Territory), and in the south round Fort Johnston and along the Shiré river, thus completing at last the original objective of the Mission. In 1910, Bishop Trower was translated to North-West Australia and the present Bishop was appointed. The work of the last ten years has been much interrupted by the War, but has nevertheless steadily increased. The cathedral at Likoma was consecrated on November 14, 1911, and a large college for training teachers has been built on the island.

“The Mission has never undertaken industrial work in a commercial sense, but a good deal of training is given to Africans in building, carpentry, and printing. Several African printers trained at

Likoma are now in Government service both at Zomba and at Livingstone. Medical and hospital work has always been a chief feature, and the Mission has been singularly fortunate in its workers. At the present time, in addition to the Medical Officer, there are eleven trained nurses on the staff, many of whom have given up important appointments in large English hospitals to undertake such work. A large staff of trained teachers also carry on educational work among women and girls.

"It is a definite part of the Mission ideal to train African clergy to carry on the work, but it is recognized that a very full training is needed (fifteen years is the minimum), and that for the present it is only exceptional men that are likely to be fit for it. Such men have been found and there are at present eight in full orders. Two of the priests, Fr. Augustine Ambali and Fr. Yohana Abdallah,¹ are becoming well known to many residents outside the Mission.

"The staff of the diocese number sixty-six, including twenty-four priests, fourteen laymen, and twenty-six women. There are thirteen principal stations, and from these as a base 229 out-stations are worked and supervised, being in charge of resident African teachers.

"The adherents number about 34,000, of whom 22,000 are baptized, and there are over 13,000 children being taught in the schools. The attendances of out-patients in the Mission's hospitals exceed 130,000 in a year and the in-patients over 1,300."

It will be seen from the above notice that from the beginning the Mission has aimed at training Africans to be priests, and that it looks forward eventually to leaving Africa a self-contained, self-supporting Church with African bishops and priests in full

¹ Fr. Yohana Abdallah died 11 Feb., 1924.

communion with the Church of England, but in no way more dependent on it than are the provinces of the Anglican Communion in South Africa, America, or Australia.

In working towards this ideal there are always two dangers to be faced. One is to realize its inevitable distance so clearly as practically to forget it, and to organize in various ways on the basis of permanent English direction ; the other is to press the ideal too hard and rush Africans into positions for which, through no fault of their own, they are not yet fitted. Within these two dangers there are many complicated problems. One is language. We have, thanks to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Old and New Testaments translated into Chi-Nyanja, and the Old into Chi-Yao. We have also a few other books. *The Imitation of Christ* is published, and we hope to publish St. Cyril's Catechetical Lectures in a year or two. But it is obvious that the opportunities for theological study by priests who can only read their own tongue are, and apparently must be for many years, very limited indeed.

Our native clergy in Nyasaland can fairly be called educated ; but they are not, and have little chance of being, in any ordinary sense, *learned*. To some extent similar problems arise in matters of administration. These difficulties can only be solved as the years pass, and I do not think we can yet tell at all on what lines the solution will be. (e.g. To take the first instance, whether the theological difficulties will be solved by a bi-lingual clergy who can read and study in English, or by a large output in theological literature in the African dialects.)

It will be seen from this that we are still at an early stage in the development at which we are aiming. Despite this fact, however, in regard to education, we have already passed into a second stage of growth. It will be seen in the above note, and more fully in the book which follows, that the work of the Mission was organized in educational and administrative ways much earlier in and around Zanzibar than in what is now Nyasaland. After the division this continued for some years, and all the present Nyasaland clergy were trained as teachers in the college at Kiungani. The elder ones, of whom Canon Augustine is one, were also trained there for the diaconate. By the time they were ready for the priesthood we had our own College at Likoma. Younger clergy have had their whole training for Holy Orders in Nyasaland, and a generation of teachers has now grown up to which the same applies. We owe a great debt of gratitude, however, to the work at Kiungani, and those who were trained there have memories of their life there with the late Archdeacon Jones Bateman, to which they are very loyal and which they will never forget. Such a man is Augustine Ambali.

I need not add details of his life, since the whole purpose of what follows is to do so: it would be unsuitable for me to express here my own estimate of his personal character and his work as a parish priest. It is legitimate to add, however, that, with, I think, universal approbation in the diocese, we were able, when we formed a Cathedral Chapter in 1922, to ask him to be a member of it and our first African Canon within the diocese. For the rest, the book speaks for itself. The responsibility for

its publication originally in *Central Africa*, and now in book-form, is entirely mine. Canon Augustine wrote it in 1916 because I asked him to write it : he would not have thought of doing it himself, but I believe the book should be published, because it shows very simply, but very vividly, how the stages through which our work has passed have appeared to an African, and also, indirectly, the stage at which we are in the progress of an African Ministry.

With this explanation I gladly commend this book to English readers. I hope I may do so for their enjoyment of it as a delightfully told bit of Mission history. I hope also, in some cases at least, for their more careful study as revealing stages and problems not yet solved. I hope most of all for their prayers that all those who are or may be called to take part in the solution of such problems may be guided by the Spirit of wisdom and understanding.

I think also few of those who read this book will put it down without feeling that there is even now much opportunity for true thanksgiving.

✠ C. N.

[SEVILLE,
Dec. 8, 1923.]

CONTENTS

| CHAP. | PAGE |
|--|------|
| I EARLY DAYS | 15 |
| II ZANIBAR TO MATOPE | 19 |
| III MY JOURNEY FROM MATOPE TO LIKOMA . | 30 |
| IV LIFE AT LIKOMA | 39 |
| V A JOURNEY TO ZANZIBAR | 44 |
| VI EARLY DAYS AT MSUMBA | 48 |
| VII THE PORTUGUESE OCCUPATION | 54 |
| VIII LIFE AS PRIEST-IN-CHARGE OF MSUMBA. | 60 |

ILLUSTRATIONS

| | |
|--|---------------------|
| Canon Augustine Ambali and his wife Mabel | <i>Frontispiece</i> |
| The Mission Steamer " Charles Janson " at Mtengula | <i>facing p. 28</i> |
| Msumba Mission Station | <i>„ p. 48</i> |
| Canon Augustine Ambali and some of his parishioners at Ngoo Bay, his present station | <i>„ p. 60</i> |

THIRTY YEARS IN NYASALAND

CHAPTER I

Early Days

THE Lord Bishop he has asked me to write details about antiquity time news, to describe all matters about my life since my first journey since I start to come here to Nyasaland country. It is very difficult to remember all the news because I have forgotten matters and I cannot remember very well, but I will try to give details little by little as I can. My English it is broken English, it is not good English, but I will try to do it if I can. The circumstances and matters I will mention here, they are not invented at all, they are not lies ; it is all absolutely true not invented matters at all.

What is my age ? It is old age now for I am fifty-nine years old this year 1916. It is a fact, a very good guessing indeed.

It is thus. When I was on Zanzibar coast, my country was Zaramo, a little small tribe, and my father he told me that I was born the year 1856, the year in which Sultan Seyyid Said died, and that the next year, 1857, Sultan Seyyid Majid ascended the throne ; and I was a child that could walk about, a young boy, a lad then [i.e. when he was told this].

In the year 1872 I went to Pangani, a town near the coast, and the reason was that some man stole me and brought me there, for as you know in those days all over Africa there was terrible trouble for all black men ; war everywhere and raiding, and no peace at all. This man who stole me he met me in the fields at Chidugalo and sent me very far off to Pangani, but there one of my relations saw me and he rescued me and took me back to my father and my uncle. And my uncle he lived at Gongo, near to Sadani, and his name was Akida Mkomwa, and they were very glad when they saw me back again. And I lived with my uncle in the house of his brother Kamwaya, and they fed me and looked after me and I did not go again to my father's house at Chidugalo because it was too far for me, but my father and mother they came to see me at Gongo to my uncle's, but my uncle he did not let me go back with my father but he refused to let me go, for he said, " I want you to be Islam, and I will circumcise you and you shall be a holy man, and you will be with God in heaven."

And he tried to cheat me to be Islam and I believed his words, and I refused to go back with my father to Zaramo, my born country, but I wished rather to live with my uncle because I believed his words about Islam, and I stayed there ; and one day he caught me and circumcised me by force and I was Islam then, and I went to say my prayers with my uncle to the mosque, but they called it the house of God, and I did not understand it at all, that religion.

And after that I left Gongo and went to live in a village Ndumi, another of my uncle Akida Mkomwa's villages, for he was a chief under a Jumbe, and the

Jumbe he lived at Sadani. And I used to go there to Sadani to buy cloth and salt and soap; it is twenty-eight miles from Nduni to Sadani, and if you walk very fast you can reach Sadani by 2 or 3 o'clock. And one day a friend of my uncle's he cheated me, and he said, "Let us go to Sadani to sell our india-rubber to the stores there." And I consented, and I went with him to Sadani. But this man he liked money and he sold me secretly, and two men they came and caught me and took me and made me slave. In those days there were slave-traders everywhere, and they sold men like fowls.

And thus I lost my home and my country Zaramo. And these slave-traders they take me again to the same place, Pangani, and hide me in a room, and after two weeks they sold me again to another man, and the other man sold me to the Arabs, and the Arab men went to take me to Pemba Island on a dhow; but God had called me, and the English had sent a gunboat to catch the slave-traders on the Indian Ocean. It was good work indeed to rescue the slaves, to rescue them to be free, free from men and free from Satan. And now I am free and English subject under English flag, and Christian under Christ's flag, the Cross. The Englishmen Government rescue me from slavery and I am grateful for all my life, and the English Mission they taught me Christianity; and now I am free man more than at my home and country Zaramo, and all my children are free and are Christians, and there is no more trouble now about slavery.

And when we arrived to Zanzibar to the Resident's house, the Consul he was Sir John Kirk and

he was very good man, and he asked me if I like to go to the Mission Station to be taught there, and I answer him, " Yes, Sir, we like to try," and he sent us to Mkunazini and we stayed there two days, and then the Lord Bishop Steere he sent us to Kiungani, where the big boys lived, for only the little boys were at Mkunazini. And we lived there, and the Mission members they fed us and nourished us for everything and taught us without any payment at all. And I am grateful indeed.

CHAPTER II

Zanzibar to Matope

IN 1883 the Rev. W. P. Johnson visited to Zanzibar and he came to Kiungani, where St. Andrew's College was and he preached there to all teachers, and he told us details about his journey and about the country and that it is very darkness indeed, no light at all there at Nyasaland. And he asked if they (the teachers) would like to go to be teachers there and to help him to preach the word of God. And he ask the Lord Bishop to let him have twelve teachers if they will consent to go. And he will come back again when he comes from England and he will take them with him to Nyasaland to help him to preach the Gospel and to teach the boys in school. Really (he says) the people are living in darkness, they have no light at all.

And the Rev. W. P. Johnson he said to us, I want you to go with me to Lake Nyasa and if you arrive there to teach your brothers and sisters the good news of the Gospel; this was his sermon when he was at Kiungani in the year 1883. And some teachers they did refuse to come, but six of us teachers we consent to come with him. Then Mr. Johnson he went ahead to England, for he had come from Nyasaland to Zanzibar and from Zanzibar to England his home, and he arrived to England

in November and he lived in England till 1884. And in England his appeal was so successful that in October 1884 the steamer *Charles Janson* was sent out in 380 packages ; and they put them on big mail-ship by the Cape, but Mr. Johnson he came by Aden to visit us and to ask us again if we were willing to come with him to Nyasaland ; and he arrived to Zanzibar and he came to Kiungani to St. Andrew's College to call us, and he said I am ready now to go to Nyasaland ; are you ready to follow me ? And if you like to come with me I will be very glad indeed to have you, because I am alone there and I desire very much indeed to have some teachers to help me do the work. And he asked us : are you willing to come with me to help your brothers and sisters ?

And then we answered him, we are ready, Sir, to go with you if you please ; and we are six teachers, we who want to go with you, and our names are thus : So Songolo (and his tribe Nyasa), Augustine Ambali (and his tribe Zaramu), Bartlet Kalika (and his tribe Nyasa), Basil Kamna (and his tribe Abiza), Nicolas Faraji (his tribe Nyamwezi), Paul Mambo (his tribe Akami). These are the six teachers which came with the Rev. Archdeacon Johnson on the first journey, and it was December 31, 1884, when we left Zanzibar.

This was my first voyage when I came to this country Nyasaland ; we arrived to Mozambique on the third day from Zanzibar and then we change to the mail-ship, and the first ship we entered in was the *Mecca*, and when we arrived to Mozambique we enter in ss. *Dunkely*, and she was carrying us until Quilimane and we voyage for seven days and we

arrived on shore with our things, mats, and food. And beside of these Archdeacon Johnson took with him forty Mbweni people to be bearers to be carrying the iron plates of the *Charles Janson* when they will arrive to Katunga's Village, and we were big party with him.

The first party arrived to Quilimane on December 7 with Mr. W. Bellingham and other white men and we second parties we arrived in January 1885 and we were staying there six or seven days for the Archdeacon for he did start to be ill with bad eyes ; we could not get out to start for our journey, we were wait, wait, wait, saying perhaps he will be better and well again, but no, still bad indeed. [It was] an attack of ophthalmia spread so rapidly that in twenty-four hours he was totally blind. Hard really it seemed for him to be arrested and sent home again just as he was beginning to reap the fruits of his years of patient preparation.

He had to return at once to England to be placed under the care of the best oculists as the only chance of saving his eyes and to spend months in a darkened room instead of with his fellow-workers on the Shiré and the Lake. When the news of Mr. Johnson's illness reached Zanzibar the Bishop (Smythies) started at once to conduct the expedition in his place taking with him Mr. and Mrs. Swinny but it was long before they could catch up the party on the river and as we shall see the steamer was nearly finished before the Bishop arrived.

The leadership of the party therefore virtually fell upon William Bellingham and it will be seen from his diary how onerous it was ; we were with Rev. L. Frere ; he was deacon then and he was our

overlooker to us, and the English consul was there at Quilimane and he was very good to Mr. Johnson, and he gave us a boat to voyage up the River Kwakwa up to Vicente (but the natives call it Malulu) and he divided us in two parts, three teachers to be staying with Archdeacon Johnson, and three teachers with Mr. Frere to go further forward. And we enter into a boat and the bearers they enter into canoes, about six canoes, Achikunda's canoes ; and they were rowing very well on the River Kwakwa and from Quilimane to Vicente it was seven days and if you row very hard you arrive by five days and when we arrive there at Malulu on the bank of the Zambezi there was a Mandala Store.

We wait there about a month and a half to get the Archdeacon's news to say to us you can go on or to say wait there do not go any further. But in March we heard that Mr. Johnson he had gone back to England for the reason his bad eyes increase more and more to be bad indeed, and we were very grief about him to hear sad news like this. So Mr. Frere was our in-charge on our journey to look after us and he was very sorry to be left alone without any white man.

And we wait at Malulu till the steamer came from Durban for she was to bring up the Bedford boat and we had to wait several days for the arrival of the steamer the ss. *Somptseu* to carry up the iron plates and then she was to come round and take us and to take a load of the *Charles Janson* and so make her first trip up the Zambezi River. And she came along to take us with loaded packages and we went forward to the Zambezi River and Shiré River until Msanje or Mpassa's Village, what we

now call Port Herald, but antiquity time we called it Msanje or Mpassa's.

. And so we arrived Msanje where our big party was resident and all our cargoes were there and the iron plates, we met them at Msanje. And there were six white men working ; Mr. Bellingham was engineer, Mr. Alley was carpenter, Mr. Creighton was carpenter, Mr. Robinson engineer, Mr. Read Chief Engineer, Mr. Callaghan was Captain ; and Mr. Bellingham, Zanzibar people called him Mate-loka, and mateloka means cook and he was to cook the boiler of the Train [traction engine?] when he was at Mbweni Mission Station. And Captain Callaghan he was head-man in our journey for white men, and our head-man to the natives he is Mr. Bellingham and he was our head-man to look after we.

And then we stayed at Msanje one month and a half from March 15 to April 30, 1885, and we did not go anywhere because there was war between a white man and a black man ; the chief himself started war with this white man and this chief was called Achiputula a chief of the Makololo and he was cruel chief indeed he was no good chief at all. And the white man he was Captain Fenwick by name but the natives called him Mzungu Finike. And this man killed the chief Achiputula and Achiputula's people killed him ; and there was war between white men and Achiputula's people and they invaded the *Lady Nyasa* the Mandala Lakes Company's ship.

And in those times the people are very cruel and fierce and wild all over the country, and all countries [i.e. parts of the country] were at war everywhere and it was very confusing. In early time the black

men scorned the white men ; they said the white men they were no strong at all, they cannot make war because they have very white hands, and are feeble too, and are very white and they cannot do anything to the black people. But now in these days they know very well that white men, they are very very strong people and are intelligent and this is the meaning why they are called Wazungu, intelligent wise men for everything they make with wisdom.

And the man who made peace between the Makololo and the Englishmen, he is Mr. John Moir, but the native people call him Mandala, because he wore spectacles and after April there was no war between Englishmen and Makololo because Mr. John Moir he was discussing the case and he decided the case that they ought to pay something to Achiputula's brother and he decided the case and it was finished and there was very peace in those days, and there was no war, no trouble again.

And then we start to voyage ahead and we get ahead to Katunga's village that is the Makololo chief of the Upper Shiré and we stopped there and all cargo and all the iron plates and all our things were put on shore there. And we had great work to carry the iron bars and the iron plates from Katunga's to Blantyre to Mandala station there and the forty bearers they were not quite enough but Mr. Bellingham he sought to find other people Yaos and Manyanja people and Ngoni to help to carry all to Blantyre and from Blantyre to Matope and he was head-man to all the work. And he divided us, some teachers to stay behind with Harry Hamisi, and other teachers to go on ahead to Blan-

tyre to see the work and to say prayers with the people on the road.

I walked from Katunga's and I started in early morning with the men who carry the iron plates and the boiler and it was very hard work to climb the hill between Katunga's and Blantyre, it was hard job to do it ; and I arrived to Blantyre and it was my first time to come there and Mr. Frere he was with me for a time and I lived with him, and my friend So Songolo and I lived in Blantyre for five months and a half and I was superintendent for the bearers and for the Mbweni people to carry the plates and to say prayers with the Christians ; and when the goods came I paid the bearers and Mr. Moir he helped me to make accounts and he was very good man and he was fond of the native people.

On June 6 it was, that all the plates were in their places and some riveted and Mr. Read was the head-man of the riveting ; and on June 19 the riveting was finished and the coal bunkers were put in their place and we started putting on the deck boards and the ship she begins to look very much like a steamer now. And one of our bearers got a nice young buffalo so we had lots of good fresh meat and Mr. Frere he brought in a good-sized water-buck ; and then the mast arrived with fifteen men carrying it.

We kept having our turns of illness but the work still went on and they were riveting the *Charles Janson* at Matope from June 6 and we worked very hard ; we were starting very early in the morning and we have food about eight and we work till twelve and we have our meal and we work again at

halfpast one and we could not stop work till halfpast five.

I left Blantyre, I myself, to come down to Matope on July 2, and I worked there until August, and I went again to Blantyre to bring down the boat, *Mary* by name but I did not stay long and I come back again to Matope to do the work of riveting, and we were big party at Matope building the steamer.

And on August 5 Mr. Swinny arrived in his boat at Katunga's and sent off men to carry up the boat and they were painting the steamer when the Bishop and his party arrived at Blantyre ; and Mr. Frere and we went up to meet them and Mr. Swinny and Mr. Callaghan they got down to Matope on August 8 and on August 9 Mr. Swinny celebrated the Holy Communion for us, the first we have had since we left Quilimane, and on August 10 the first rivet was put into the boiler. And I remember it was August 17 that Bishop Smythies, Mr. Swinny and Mr. Callaghan they went on the ss. *Ilala* to go up to the Lake.

On August 28 there was a great fire at Matope ; Mr. Robinson and a boy were working inside the boiler finishing off the riveting and they were working in a rough shed of poles and grass as a protection from the sun, and it appears that a piece of red-hot rivet flew up into the grass roof and lodged there and that the breeze soon set it in a blaze. No one outside noticed it at first but Mr. Robinson looking out to get a little fresh air saw it and called to Mr. Read to put it out, but all at once it caught the whole building. I was sitting in my little hut to rest a little when I heard Mr. Read call out " fire ! fire ! "

and I rushed out with my friend So Songolo and we left our food in the hut.

We saw at once it would be a big fire and we called all hands ; Mr. Robinson and the boy could not get out of the boiler, for the manhole was up on the top ; they were calling out and the boy nearly went out of his mind : Mr. Robinson had to hold him down and we could do nothing but throw water over the boiler to keep it cool. The wind was high and the fire soon spread from house to house and in short time everything was in flames. The large house with all stores provisions beds cloth and all things, Mr. Alley's bed and a lot of things belonging to the Bishop and above all the late Bishop Steere's pastoral staff, several guns and gunpowder and cartridges that kept on going off and making it dangerous to go near, all was on fire. And alongside this Mr. Alley had his Carpenter's Shop and tools and there was a heap of boards from the packing cases and it made the boiler so hot (Mr. Robinson was out now) that you could hardly bear your hand on it. And the boat which was in the shade near the house and a tent and all Captain Callaghan's things were burnt ; and then the fire went about a dozen yards to the church and set the roof of that alight and a store with sails ropes and cabin furniture and in a few minutes all was burnt to the ground.

And the Bishop and Mr. Swinny and Captain Callaghan they got back from the Lake just as we had finished throwing water over it, and I had nothing except only a shirt and the cloth I was wearing and we were very sorry indeed ; but the Bishop was very good and he said how sorry he

was but that he would sooner see that, than hear of one of the boys having committed a great sin. And we were thirty miles from any stores and Mr. Morrison the Captain of the *Ilala* was very kind to us and took some of us into his place for meals ; and Mr. Swinny he went up at once to Mandala to get more stores and we got a few things out of the fire. And we set to work all of us and we cleaned out the dock with every pick and shovel pail and hoe we could get together and by September 2 all was ready.

And on September 6 we had the dedication of the steamer *Charles Janson* ; at 6 a.m. we had Swahili Holy Communion and then we had breakfast and then the dedication service partly Swahili partly English. The Bishop and all men met at the houses and came in procession singing the Litany in English ; it was grand sight to see the Bishop robed and the natives in clean white cloths winding their way through the black and dirty remains of the fire. We had several hymns and Mr. Bellingham played the little baby organ ; altogether it was a very nice and impressive service.

And on September 10 the Bishop and Mr. Foster who was also with us (he had been elephant hunting) with all the Mbweni men as porters started back on their way across country to go to Newala and Lindi and they had Susi, Livingstone's old servant for head-man and they started early and went off in good style. And Mr. Swinny and Mr. Bellingham are to go up in the sailing boat to Likoma with us and we were So Songolo, Paul Mambo, Nicolas Faraji and myself Augustine Ambali and we were four teachers, and Mr. Swinny will return again to



THE MISSION STEAMER "CHARLES JANSON" AT MTENGULA.

bring up the others in the Steamer when it is quite finished.

Now while we were at Matope we had good supplies of fresh meat for we went out on Saturday afternoons to hunt and get us buffalo and twice we brought in young calves which we had captured by running them down. I went once to try my hand at that but I did not kill anything ; I took a Zanzibar man Sizamani with me and I always felt very safe with him for he was very brave and daring and would not run off at the first sight of an animal. And while we were at Matope the white men members they were often with fevers, sometimes they were well and sometimes they were with fevers, and there was no good health at all for white men there, but the natives they can have good health.

CHAPTER III

My Journey from Matope to Likoma

IT was on September 17, 1885, that we started from Matope in an open boat for Lake Nyasa. She was a very good boat, about thirty-two feet by six feet, and a splendid sailing boat, but rather heavy to pull, and we had native paddles as well as oars, for we had stiff current to work against and hippopotamus to contend with. We had everything ready by 9 a.m. and we had not much luggage, but we had several loads of provisions and native food called *ufa* and English food for white men ; and we were the Rev. G. Swinny and Mr. Bellingham white men, and we four teachers, and a cook, and another man to help in the building, and a crew of four, and there were twelve of us in all. And we had cloth and salt and beads for money to buy food and to build houses at Likoma.

And the first day we got on very well, but the river was winding a good deal, and we got to Mpimbi, and the sun was extremely hot, and we were fearfully cramped, and we were very tired, and we had a good night sleeping in the open air. And the next day we had some wind to help us, and the river was with wide long reaches, and there were villages and cultivated land on each side ; but the hippopotamus were very troublesome and would not go away, but

kept up a fearful noise, jumping about all night ; and when we were comfortably settled down to eat our food three lions set up a great roaring about a stone's-throw off us, and we made up our fires and got a dead tree and set it alight in three places to keep up all night. And Mr. Swinny and Mr. Bellingham they slept in the boat, but in fact they did not get much sleep, for the hippos in the river and the lions on the land kept us awake all night.

And the third day we got off early and had good wind, and the next day was Sunday, and we had service, Holy Communion in Swahili, in Mr. Swinny's tent ; and we went short trip in the afternoon and got as far as the entrance of Lake Malombe ; and while we slept two elephants came down just near us and crossed the river, and some of my friends saw them and we all saw their marks in the morning. And then we started early and got out into the Malombe Lake, which is muddy and had a number of little floating islands on it, and many fish eagles, cormorants and pelicans were busy fishing and the trees were covered with them, and many hundreds were to be seen flying about, often in long curved lines, all in such order as if they were drilled to fly like it. This lake is about eleven miles by eight or ten, with beautiful hilly country on the west side and a marsh on the east side and high mountains behind it, where is said to live a woman chief by name Kabuta. The mouth of the river was difficult to find for reeds and grass ; it is on the north-east side, several miles from the exact north. And we were glad to rest a little, and we had our meal there ; and then we pushed on and passed Mponda's village

and Mr. Swinny promised to call on them on his way back, and we arrived at the mouth of the Great Lake at about 6 p.m.

And there we met an Arab who was very kind to us and gave us wood for fires, as it was very scarce there, and a goat and lots of fish that his men had just brought in by a large drag-net, some like grey mullet, which were very good, and some others that were nice but so full of small bones. And this was our first night on the shores of the Great Lake, and it made one's heart beat faster to think of it.

And on September 22 we started, and we cooked plenty food and Mr. Swinny was not over well, for it was very hot for white men, and both he and Mr. Bellingham had their faces brown from the sun, as brown as a crusty loaf. And the wind dropped, and we had a long pull to an island near Ulande, and we had our food and a rest, and Livingstonia Mountains were in sight and we hoped to reach there by sundown; and the wind got up again a little and we made good way, passing some beautiful little bays, and we got to Livingstonia at half-past eight, and we were all tired and Mr. Bellingham had fever. It was sad to see the large houses all going into ruins because the Scots people find it too unhealthy to stop there, and we slept in one of the old houses and one of Livingstone's old men came and gave us what we wanted in the way of food. There is a native teacher there who still kept the school going, and Mr. Morrison of the *Ilala*, is often there on Sundays and preaches.

We left the next day about half-past eight for Makanjila's on the East coast, and we shall work our

way up from there to Likoma. Just as we got out of the Bay and past the island on came a wind from the south and we went at a fearful rate, too much to be pleasant or safe, for we were so heavy the boat could not rise to the waves. And we were all seasick except two of the crew who had been to England; they had been to England with Archdeacon Johnson and they enjoyed it, but we were very frightened that day. So we crossed safely to Makanjila's village with everything getting wet, but we did fly and we were over by 1 p.m. and we stopped to look after the boat, but the people managed to take off our anchor. Hamisi was sharp enough to get it back again; Makanjila's people are all thieves and a rough lot, slave dealers and slave owners. But the Chief Makanjila himself he was hospitality to us and very good indeed; he gave us a goat and clean rice and eggs, lots eggs, and was not cruel to us at all, and we sailed along the coast and stopped about six at a nice little bay, and the people came down and some of them were Newala men and knew Swahili and knew our Mission at Masasi. And Mr. Bellingham he had strong attack of fever and illness.

The next day we went on with a good breeze and we passed some mountainous country and we could just see the mountains on the west side, and this was all Makanjila's country; and we were a long time finding a good place to sleep, and at last we got into a small river by moonlight near to Msinje, and here we killed the goat that Makanjila had given us and we had fried liver by moonlight. There were no people about, only a few gardens, and there was a deserted village and ground that had been

cultivated. And the next day we passed Losefa with a good south wind blowing, and we nearly capsized just off Mkalawile's village, for the breakers were heavy and we had gone too close in ; and we were a long time finding a sleeping place, but we got one between Chingomanje's and Losefa and it was twelve o'clock before we got to bed.

It was strange to see how all the people tried to hide their corn stores away from enemies that might attack them by land because in those times there was wars everywhere and raiding. And the Wa-Yaos they had chosen some very rocky places which could only be approached by water, and they had built up little houses for their stores of grain. And at the back of Losefa there are beautiful mountains, very high and covered with wood ; it looks as if it would be a splendid healthy place, about a day and a half from the Lake, as you know now.

And the next day we had bad wind and had to stop at the Yao village called Chikole, the chief village of Chingomanje's villages, and the people seemed friendly to us and most of them knew Swahili, and we were delighted to be able to talk with them and to have a swim with them in the Lake and to play " piga mkambi," that is a Zanzibar game of ducking in the water and sending your leg over on to the head of one of the others. The village had quite recently been raided and destroyed by fire ; Chingomanje's village was cleaned and they were rebuilding some nice houses. The Wa-Yaos are clever house-builders and spend more time over it than the Makololo or the Wa-Nyasa. The old Chingomanje died the year of the comet (1882), the same year that Bishop Steere died and many others, and so

they had a superstition about it. There was a strong fencing round the village and a ditch outside ; it was built on a low piece of ground with reeds and rocks and little bays which made it look rather pretty. We had our tent up and our services as usual, only very early, and after that Mr. Swinny he got the Chief to call the people together and he preached to them in Swahili ; they knew Archdeacon Johnson and said he had once talked of building there because limestone is found not very far off, and they were very anxious for us to come again and build there, and Chingomanje's people they knew all about our Mission at Masasi.

And on the 28th we started again, and we sailed past Mtengula and we rested a little on the bank of the Lichemanje river, and then we went on past Chiwanga and Msumba, but we did not call there but passed on by Maendaenda's village, where Father Janson's grave is. We could not land, for the breakers on the shore were so heavy and it is open to the south wind. And we put up for the night in a little rocky bay, and we had bad night with bad wind, and Mr. Swinny and Mr. Bellingham they had bad fever and they had to sleep in the boat.

Next day we sighted Likoma when we were past Chisanga, and we came to Ngoo, but we did not stop much there though it is good harbour, for we said we shall all be glad to get out of the boat, all so very tired of travelling like that. And we got to Likoma about 3.30 p.m. and we had had no cooked food that day, and the sun was hot and the sea heavy, and we were all very very tired indeed. And we landed in what we called " St. Michael's Bay " because we

landed there that day, but the natives call it Ngani and it is a good harbour.

And we pitched our tent, that is Mr. Swinny's tent, under a very large baobab tree, and crowds of people flocked down to see us and to see the two white men ; and we soon bought firewood and eggs and chickens and rice, with a little salt and some beads, and we were buying very cheap in those days.

We were all very glad to have arrived at this island, where there is no danger or war, and that our most trying journey was over, but we now found that we had fresh difficulties to contend with. About four o'clock a heavy wind came on and so upset things that we had to take the boat round to another bay. We unloaded at last and then went round the island to look out for a site for a Mission Station ; after this Mr. Swinny went over to the mainland to tell the Chief Chitesi, and off he went. And Mr. Bellingham was to be left to build the houses and Mr. Swinny to return to Matope at once. We had found a very good place and fixed upon it, but Likoma is a white ants' island, as you know, and is very sandy and dry.

And when Mr. Swinny went over to the mainland to see the Chief Chitesi he spent two hours with him and found him very disagreeable, for he said that the Bishop had not given him a good present and that we must go and build near him on the mainland and not live on the island like a lot of women ; but at last he said he had left it all in the hands of his head-men on the island. And the next day we went round with his head-men to the place he wanted us to build at ; and they took us to about the worst place they could find, to the top of a hill with nothing

but rocks all round to build on, and Likoma was hot, hot like an oven. And then we refused and said that if we could not have the place that we had chosen we should go elsewhere, and it was Mr. Swinny and Mr. Bellingham who said this.

So the next day Mr. Swinny sent off a messenger to the Chief with some cloth and said that we wished to leave as friends, but we could not accept the place he had chosen. And after two days the Chief made agreeable with Mr. Swinny to build anywhere he likes, and Mr. Bellingham and we went up to the place we had chosen and with two men from Chitesi and the owner of the land ; and Mr. Bellingham marked out a piece of land and got them to put their marks to a short agreement ; it was a very long business, for they were asking all sorts of prices for the land, and some of their words were rubbish indeed. And then Mr. Swinny got ready to start back, and Mr. Bellingham he got ready to shift his tent and goods to the piece of land they had fixed upon ; and we said good-bye to Mr. Swinny and his crew overnight so that he could get off at once.

The Likoma people they seemed a funny lot, and they were drinking moa and having little fights among themselves ; and they were all heathens, and they had no clothes at all, but were very naked with a little bark cloth, and they were miserable and dirty people. And on the Sunday (October 4) Mr. Swinny he preached to them ; first we had Holy Communion in Swahili and then he preached to the people, and he told them what we had come for and about the Gospel of our Lord, and H. Hamisi he was the interpreter of the sermon. And they had quite a row afterwards, for some said he had spoken well

and others said he might preach till his throat was sore and his mouth was dry, for they had always been used to drink, fighting, and war, and should keep on. But now look at what they are like !

CHAPTER IV

Life at Likoma

WE were at Likoma without a priest-in-charge till January, 1886. Mr. Bellingham started at once to build houses and first of all we had one house for all of us, and Mr. Bellingham he told us, first of all you must work at manual work and after that you must teach the boys ; and we answered him, yes, we will do as you say. And we set to work to cut poles and timber and there were many at Likoma at that time ; and we wanted women to cut grass for us and some refused because they had no cloth and their custom was not to wear anything at that time all was nakedness when we first came to Likoma. It was very hard job in those days and the white ants were fearful ; if you left a cloth on the ground the next morning the ants had eaten it into great holes and fastened it to the ground with earth.

I remember the head-man Chiwisi, the man who was to be a sort of middleman between us and the Chief Chitesi ; he was a very crafty and cheating man and he wanted to have only his own village to work for us, and he said he did not get enough, and he ought to be able to dress like a white man. And he asked for medicine against the Magwangwara as he said the men who went to cut poles in the forest

were in danger of being killed ; but Mr. Bellingham was not to be caught by him, and employed other people who were not afraid to go.

And I remember another man Chiwoko and he said he was the first man to come and live on the island, and that the whole island was his, and that he would not allow his people to work for us, and that we must not get water from the Lake but must dig wells ; and people were afraid of him and said he was a wizard ; and he had neither chick nor child, not even a goat or anything, but lived with his sister in a small dirty little hut and even the heathen natives say that he is a wicked evil old man.

We had all kinds of things asked us, but one night a man beat them all, because he asked us if the moon had a wife and if the stars were its children, and also, if it was a new sun every morning, for they had a story that the white people lived on the edge of the earth and had long ladders and their work was to push the sun up every morning. And they asked us about cloth, if it was true that four-eyed people make it and we said, no, there was no such thing as four-eyed people ; not true, rubbish that. But this man who asked, he was intelligent man for he asked simply to know, and he said to us a good proverb, " If you ask the way you will reach the village," and that was the case with him.

And the Chief Chitesi himself he was beggarman too ; every month he sent messengers to Mr. Bellingham to beg, beg, beg, salt, or cloth, or hoes, or red calico, or powder or guns, and sometimes Mr. Bellingham did send him something and sometimes he did

not. And Chitesi he said he had got so many brothers and they all wanted cloth ; the present the Bishop gave him was very nice, but he could not cut it up and give a piece to each of his brothers ! The Bishop had given him a red cap and a *joho*, an Arab cloak.

And on Sundays we preached and a few people came up to hear the preaching, and we were often talking to them about drinking and witchcraft ; and we refused to drink moa, but two of the Blantyre boys who were with us went to drink moa once. And we began telling them the story of the Creation and the parable of the Sower, and they liked that because they were just planting their corn, and on December 20 about fifty people came and some of them had come four miles. And on St. Stephen's Day, Chiwisi came and about thirty men and women. And all this time we had no Holy Communion because Mr. Swinny was down the Shiré River at Matope, and we were very sorry to have no Holy Communion on Christmas Day. And Mr. Bellingham he was our " in charge," our overlooker, and he was layman and he preached to the people.

When we started school we had not anything to teach the boys with, no A B C cards, no book of any kind, and we took to writing A B C on the skin of a goat, and we cut out letters in old paper and pasted them on pieces of a box which we had pulled to pieces, and we had some numerals too ; and we had no house to make school in and we taught the boys under the trees. And the first boys who came to our school they are Anchanamila and he is now Deacon Yohana Tawe, and Achidumayi now Yakobo Kachanda, and Kangati now Deacon Leonard, and

they were very quick boys. And at first when we start school the boys they were coming very well and they numbered seventy, and the girls forty-nine ; but they soon dropped off when they saw that they were not going to be paid for coming, and they laughed at those who kept on ; but we were not very sorry they went for we had the best and those who really wish to learn they were stopping still, and doing very well. And later on more came and some grown-ups too and two hundred used to come to the preaching.

And the next year 1886 I remember it began about 5 a.m. with a very heavy storm, thunder and lightning terrific, and rain ; and they had wanted rain, and the Chief had forbidden anyone to wear a cap, because it would stop the rain, and they say that he is coming to make war on the island because there was no rain ; and when the rain came the people they said “ Ha, the man who was stopping it, is afraid.” And we laughed at them for it was foolish and rubbish matters. And many sick people came up to us covered with bad sores and Mr. Bellingham made a syringe out of a piece of bamboo to wash their sores.

And on January 22 the *Charles Janson* arrived late at night with Mr. Swinny and Mr. Frere and we were in bed, but we were so delighted we could not sleep that night, and the next day there was a tremendous cargo and a crowd of men, whites and blacks. And I remember Mr. Robinson he was sick and all the rest well, as well as could be expected, for they had had fearful time at Matope, rains and floods in their houses and sickness, and at that time I handed over the school to Mr. Frere ; and

Mr. Bellingham he took the steamer, for Mr. Swinny told him to, as Mr. Robinson was ill and the *Charles Janson* was going very slow those days for she had an injector out of order.

CHAPTER V

A Journey to Zanzibar

IN February we went to Unangu to see the site where afterwards to send Mission, and we went there and we stayed five days and Mr. Swinny we were with, he was good man, yes, good priest, and on Sunday he preached at Unangu and the people came and the Chief Kalanje and they said to us we are Islam and they refused to listen and to hear. And we return to Lake Nyasa and Mr. Swinny was very ill and could not eat anything, and we came down to Chikole and met the *Charles Janson* and went on board and came to Likoma.

And in June Archdeacon Maples and Mr. Johnson they asked, who will go to Chia to start work there ; and we were four teachers and we all refused to go for we were afraid of the Ngoni, fierce men in those times. Nearly all Africa were afraid of the Ngoni and it is very terrible war the Ngoni's war, to kill all the people. So we were feared and were coward, and for a week we refused to go with Mr. Johnson to mainland and we wanted to run away but we could not. But afterwards I considered myself and I went to Archdeacon Maples and told him that I am willing to go to Chia and that I consent to go, and he was very glad and Mr. Johnson he took me on board with my cook Petro and I lived at Chia till

September. And then I left to come to Likoma to go with Bishop Smythies to the coast ; and I tried very very hard to preach and to teach the schoolboys, but many boys came to school and I could not teach them all alone by myself and I was very tired with work. And after eight months Archdeacon Johnson made some catechumens of the hearers, for in those times the catechumens and hearers they did not stay like now we do, twelve months hearers and twenty-four months catechumens ; and I asked Archdeacon Maples to send me monitors and he sent me Anchanamila and Achibwana to help me in school.

And I left Chia and went to Likoma to consider about my journey and to talk with Archdeacon Maples and Mr. Johnson ; and the teachers who took my place were Eustace Malisawa and Paul Mambo. And Archdeacon Maples told me I ought to marry and that here at Likoma was a girl, her name Neema ; but myself I did not want to marry at Likoma and I refuse and I say that I want to go with the Lord Bishop Smythies and marry at Mbweni in Zanzibar. So Archdeacon Maples and Mr. Johnson they did not force me to marry here, but they consent to my words to go with the Bishop and the Bishop agreed to take me. And we started on September 10 and we had forty-two bearers and one cook.

The Lord Bishop Smythies he was very very strong man for walking, he walk very fast indeed, and left early morning about half-past five and walked till eleven ; then we stopped a little for to cook food, his food and our food, and then we walked on. So we went for thirty days until Masasi, and in our journey we killed lots of animals and the Lord Bishop he

shooted one antelope and one swine and I shoot little antelopes and guinea-fowl and we were very glad in our journey. And the Bishop he was very gentle and meek man and he was devotion man too ; and he likes the native people and they say of him, he is native bishop because he loves us very much and has spend his life travelling, travelling walking walking everywhere, Nyasaland, Masasi, Newala, Magila, Misozwe, Umba, every country travelling always. And I went with him and I saw him and he is really saint and devotion man, the Lord Bishop Smythies.

And we stayed at Masasi two weeks, and Newala twenty-one days and Newala is Matola his village, and he is good chief and we came to Lindi and by mail-ship to Zanzibar, and I was very glad to see all my friends and relations ; and I went to Kiungani and I stayed there to be educationed for Reader and I was to prepare for marriage, and I am very gratitude to the missionaries that were helpful to me there more than my father and mother and they were helpful to me in everything.

And on August 8, 1888, I marry Mabel and lots of people they come to my wedding and all my friends to see me and welcome me, and Archdeacon Good-year was there and Archdeacon Jones-Bateman was very helpful indeed and Miss Thackeray too and we call her our mother in God for she is like our mother in law, and they did me very favourable indeed for my wedding. We were two to be married that day, Aruffo Tangani he marry Harriet the same day I marry Mabel and he was my beloved friend.

And when I had finished to be married I stayed a few days, and the Lord Bishop Smythies he made

me Reader and he told me I ought to go back now to Nyasaland to do the work, and I consent to go, and the Bishop gave me three men, two teachers and one cook ; Aruffo my friend and William Wasiwasi and Denys Seyiti he was Deacon afterwards, and I myself was head-teacher for the journey for there was no white man to be our head, and so we were six the four men and the two women (Mabel and Harriet) and we voyage to Quilimane.

And from Quilimane the white head-man gave us canoes and we go to Vincente and from there by the *Lady Nyasa* to Katunga's village and so to Blantyre to Mandala store ; and after five days we started again to Matope to be waiting the Mission Boat, and we hear that the *Charles Janson* she is stuck down the river and cannot go up or down but is at Nsala near Liwonde ; and we stayed there six months, until the rains came and the river filled up and in February it was full as a flood, full of water, and Archdeacon Johnson the priest-in-charge asked the Captain to try to go head up the river to the Lake and we passed through the down rocks safely and we were very glad to escape and we came to Likoma.

After two weeks Archdeacon Maples and Mr. Johnson made advice to send me to Msumba and in that year I began to work at Msumba 1889, and I stay there still and I went to Msumba with Mr. Johnson and he was my priest-in-charge and I work with him for many many years, and he is to me like my father helpful in the work both by deeds and faith.

CHAPTER VI

Early Days at Msumba

I WILL now try to detail as I can how I have lived here in this village since 1890. The Ngoni tribes were at war with the Nyanja tribes for long long time and there was raiding almost every month to all villages round the Lake Nyasa ; in those years it was terrible and troubled, war never rested and every man was feared and there was no peace no peace at all. And the Ngoni they were capturing the men of the Nyanja tribes to send them down to the coast and to make them slaves ; some they killed and some they sold to the Swahili people and to the Arabs for calico or cargo or salt or sheets or other things. It was very dangerous times in those days, for all Africa was at war and there were robbers, killing and robbing, and they took the people and sold them like fowls to get cloth. But now they cannot do this.

And at first the Mission work was very hard, very very hardness indeed, and the people they did not recognise the words of God but thought only of dancing for their children and such things, and it was very hard to preach because every place was at war. But the words of God increased and extended and spreaded all along the Lake Nyasa and we are



MSUMBA MISSION STATION.

now thankful to see churches and stations in all the villages.

And in 1889 my first child was born and the Lord Bishop Smythies baptized her on August 15 and she was Emma Florence Flower Ambali and Archdeacon Johnson was there and the Bishop himself was there to baptize my daughter and some others, the first-fruits of our work. And I have lived here in charge here since I was Reader until Deacon and until I was Priest ; and when I was Reader and Deacon I was working under Archdeacon Johnson as a boy under his master and he was my superintendent to look after me and to guide me. But now I live alone here and I feel very gratitude to Archdeacon Johnson for helping me to educate me. Many thanks. And I have five sons, William Joseph, Arthur, John Nelson, and George Herbert and he is the ending son ; and one died in 1893 Augustine So Gilbert ; and I have one daughter and one my adopted daughter Mary Maude Mtende, her father and mother died long time ago and I took her to be my daughter. This is my jolly news about my family ; I and Mabel we are old people now, and we are very grateful.

And I go back to the year 1892 when we built the church at Msumba. I cannot detail all the news because I am stupid and forget ; I did not write it in a book, but only write down now what I remember in my head and so I have lost lot of news. But I will try to remember as I can.

First of all Archdeacon Johnson told me to call the people in the village to pick up the stones for building the church and I call them the women and boys and girls and they pick up the stones for nothing without payment except their posho one yard a week ; and

the heathen women they we paid one fathom a week. And the Mission helped us to pay for building church at Msumba because in those days there were not many Christians and we are very grateful and thanks to the Mission for helping us to build walls. And the walls are strong walls and have sat still until now. And we picked up stones and got mud and cut bamboos and ropes and timber and beams and then we were ready to build. And Archdeacon Johnson he was our superintendent for building, to build the church and to make the arches but we were none of us architects.

And we start to build on July 8, 1892, and we finish the building on October 31 and we made the roof and thatch it altogether, and on Christmas Eve we enter in to our Church. Our Church here it is very narrow not wide at all and our vestry was very small only little room, but Mr. Victor ¹ he built us a vestry and was our architect for it. He is very keen man Mr. Victor, keen on manual work and we feel gratitude to him.

In 1894, it was the year my second son William Joseph was born I remember, I went hunting and I saw the big snake. One day we went hunting game and there were thirteen of us and we left here about half-past six in the morning and we went about eight miles and we saw a large big serpent the greatest in all the world that I ever saw in my life and its name they call it Songo. The Nyanja men call it Songo but the Mpoto men and the Yao men they call it Nakaungo. There are four kinds of big snakes here, these : Mbobo, Sanga, Mpili and Songo or Nakaungo.

¹ Many years later.

And this snake he was very near me that day and nearly bit me and killed me all at once, but we escape safely ; and this serpent her form is this : she has a golden colour on her body and her head it is like a big cock and she had a cock's comb and a cock's wattles and she crow like a cock. It is not very occasional to be seen, this serpent, not very often can you see her ; she can kill ten men in a minute and she bites as quickly as she can ; she is very cruel and bad serpent indeed. Perhaps many white men they never believe there is this serpent called Songo, but she was very close to me that day but she did not bite me and both I and all my companions we escape from harm.

And in 1895 I remember that Mr. Glossop was working on the Lake with Archdeacon Johnson and he Mr. Glossop made good plan to make effort for me to be educated and to read often and he asked Archdeacon Johnson to consent to send me to Zanzibar to Kiungani College to read there and to be learned there. And I went with the Rev. Eustace Malisawa and we went to Zanzibar with our wives and children, only we left our daughters here ; we left them at Likoma. And we left Msumba and we went down to the South to Delagoa Bay and to Natal and we waited seven days for a ship and we went on a Germany ship and we arrived Zanzibar September 16 and we were very glad to see Zanzibar again. And we stayed there one year and three months and a half ; and in 1898 we left Zanzibar and we came back to Lake Nyasa and that year we spent Easter at Mponda's, but we did not stay much there for the *Charles Janson* she was waiting to take us to Likoma. And when we arrived to Likoma the Lord

Bishop Hine was there and he asked the Rev. J. Wimbush to be our examiner to examine us and he agreed. And in those days Archdeacon Johnson was in England with Mr. Smith. And when we done our examination, Bishop Hine told us to be ready for Ordination [as Deacons] on June 12 at Msumba and we said "all right my Lord." And we were in retreat for two days and a half; and on June 12 we were all gathered together and we were ordained by the Lord Bishop Hine in St. Augustine's Church at Msumba. And when we had finished to be ordained Eustace he went to Chia and I to Msumba and I stay there until now and it is like my own born village to me.

And I will detail my news about Msumba. But there is lots of news I have forgotten and also my English is bad English, broken English, but never mind that for the Lord Bishop he will correct the mistakes and arrange.¹ Msumba it is a very big and large village. Nearly all the villages on the Lake shore used to belong to Msumba long long ago, Mbamba and Chia and Chisanga and Ngoo and Chiwanga on the one side and Mtengula and Chilole and Chingomanje's villages on the other. And many people came to gather together at Msumba in retreat from the Ngoni raids. And there are about 7,000 people altogether. And they are now a mixture of tribes at Msumba, lots of people inside the village and all belong to the great and big chief Amansanche. There are many little chiefs but he is a great one. So Msumba was a perfect and strong

¹ Augustine's English is far too characteristic to be interfered with, and except for a little rearrangement in order, these notes are as they are written by him.

village to fight with the Ngoni and the chief Mansanche refused to surrender, and the Msumba men they were very good fighters and they fought with arrows and bows and spears. But now the Ngoni are subsided indeed, since the English and Germany subdued them and now we no longer fear wars but only lions.

The first chief Amansanche that I met he was of very good heart for strangers and he was very kindly to the missionaries more than the other chiefs, and he used to come and hear the outside preaching under the tree for our custom it was to preach under the tree. He was quite old old man and short man too ; and now Justus Amansanche is our chief and he is Christian and we have Christian chief now.

CHAPTER VII

The Portuguese Occupation

I CANNOT remember for explanation much that happened up to 1900 but that the work increased in all the villages ; but in November 1900 it was that the Portuguese began to come to this country. And on the 28th one young man ¹ came here with five soldiers and his bearers and then he went away to ask for to give him more soldiers, and he came back with seven more soldiers to make war, with fierce and terrible trouble to vex the Nyanja people here, and it was horrible indeed. But the people of Msumba, they didn't want war.

Long long ago when there were no European bomas on Lake Nyasa there were native bomas or bwalos ; and they settled cases and made arrangements for all matters and if a man made an offence, he had to pay one or two cows or oxen or goats ; but this year 1900 the Portuguese came and made their boma.

And this man who came, he was very young man, he had no sense, he went and chose bad place and he vexed the people to move their houses for him to build his fort and the people of Msumba were very angry.

¹ It is fair to notice throughout this account that the bad treatment was that of a young and irresponsible official, which was rectified as soon as the real Chief Official came upon the scene.

And then he tried to drive the Mission from our site. But the Portuguese head-man, called Commandante or Chefe da Concello, he was at Dwangwa near to Lipuchi, and when he heard that the young Portuguese was vexing the people at Msumba and wanted to drive out the Mission he came at once to Msumba to arrange the case. And when he saw the place he was very angry, and he rebuked him and said : " Why did you choose this place ? For it is very bad place not good place at all." And he rebuke him very much. And he transported the boma to Mtengula and it is there.

And it happened like this. The young man he began to disturb Msumba on December 25 ; it was Christmas Day and he was very high-handed, and he treated the people like animals in the forest and he said : " You will see if you can stay in this country." And he began to hanker very much after our Mission site. And the Chief Amasanche, he was old man but he was hardihood and he did not fear, but tried to do his best ; but the young man he did not care at all but only to disturb the Chief and the people and the Mission too.

And about five o'clock it was Evensong and we were in church and something happen outside ; and the young Portuguese thought, perhaps the Christians and teachers are doing this matter, and he came with his soldiers and with fierce faces they pointed their guns ready to fire on the church windows, to desire to kill the people and the teachers and myself ; but they did not fire, for he told them not to fire but to wait till the people come out and then you can beat them your hardest. And that day we did not say our prayers properly, because all the people were

afraid of the soldiers with their guns ; but Reader William and myself we went to the vestry and took off our surplices and went outside, and then the people come outside too and the young Portuguese started to beat the teachers and the Christians. And it was very trouble and terrible, for he was beating the Christians without any reason at all and it was bad case ; and he tried to set fire to the church.

But Abdallah Mkwamba, a young Islam, he was here and he told them : “ You can set fire to the church and you can beat them ; but don't beat the priest Augustine Ambali because he is an English subject ; but you can drive him and his wife away and send them to Likoma.” And then the young Portuguese he told me and said : “ You ought to go away to Likoma at once ; who told you to live here ? ” And I answered him that my Lord Bishop Hine had told me to live here, and he said to me : “ Go away, go away ; if I see you here to-morrow I will kill you.” And I said : “ Yes, you can kill me if you like, but I cannot go away ; I wait for the Bishop's permission.” And I think this young Portuguese in his mind he wanted to test me and to terrify me ; he thought I am very coward but I tried very hard to be hero, but I did not know anything what would happen, only God He knew everything and arranged it. And the young man he went off to the village to burn the houses ; but he only burnt two houses and he had imperfect sense altogether, no sense at all, like a child.

And Mr. Barnes he was at Chia ; he was here Msumba in the morning of Christmas Day and after 12 o'clock he left here to go to Chia, and so imme-

diately I write him a little note to call him that he ought to come at once, because the young Portuguese he is making quarrel with the Mission in place of peace ; and immediately when he receive my letter he read it and at once he ran back to Msumba to hear the case, and to see for himself as eye-witness ; and it was night and darkness ; but Mr. Barnes he is hero-man, he does not fear at all, and he came to help us here at Msumba and he arrive about one o'clock in the morning and he come to my house to have talk and I try to explain all the matters ; and when we finished to talk, we went to sleep for a little.

And the next day the young Portuguese he began another quarrel about the Mission boat, that it should not arrive to the Mission harbour, and he told Mr. Barnes : “ You are guilty, I will tie you up and send you to the Commandante at Dwangwa.” And Mr. Barnes said : “ Why have you not told us this before ? You should make proclamation ; we have not heard anything of such a law.” And the young Portuguese said : “ You ought to give me the kapitao of your boat for me to beat him and tie him up because he is guilty and ought to get punishment.” But the kapitao George Nyangulu was inside Mr. Barnes's tent.

And this young Portuguese was very bad man, mischief man, no good at all ; and we had hard argument and we stand up for nearly three hours and indeed he nearly shot us and killed us that day, but God saved us. And at last he make up his mind to come to agreement with us, and Mr. Barnes he agree too and we sit down, but he had very imperfect sense,

And Father Barnes he was very brave man, he did not fear at all, and he asked many questions and he did not sit still but he wrote a letter to the Lord Bishop Hine and explained all the matters what the young Portuguese had done to the people and about the Mission site here. And the Lord Bishop he left Likoma and he came in a boat to Msumba here to hear the case, and he arrived here December 29, and he slept here that night and he talked lots of words with us ; and he left here again on December 30, and he went first to Dwangwa where was the Chefe da Concello and he explain to him all the matters and what the young Portuguese had done at Msumba.

And then the Chefe da Concello he left Dwangwa and came here at once to arrange the case and all the people were very glad when they saw him ; and he rebuke the young Portuguese and he chose the place at Mtengula to be the big and great Fort and Boma. And the Chefe da Concello it did not please him at all to vex the people and the Mission and so he transported the fort, and the people of Msumba were very glad indeed and were congratulate. And after this there was tranquillity in all the villages on this side. And Father Barnes he was very busy on the mainland and the Lake shore.

And in 1902 I remember that the Lord Bishop Trower arrived here to be our Bishop in this country and we welcome him with interested hearts ; and he lived with us for eight years and he ordained me priest. He was useful father ; if you asked his advice, he will answer at once with comforting words. And in his days there was peace everywhere, no war in the world and no confusion ; and lots of Christians he confirmed and he used often

to sleep on the stations like Msumba and other stations. And the Portuguese had penetrated this country and ruled it, and we were in peace.

And for eight years I was deacon under Archdeacon Johnson working under him and I never saw in all my life a man like him ; he is wonderful man and very keen on his work. And after eight years Archdeacon asked me to educate on board the "*C.M.*" for one year to read there. But we could not educate there well, and the reason it is this that we are not seamen ; the Lake it is very rough and there are motions every day. And there is no private place on the "*C.M.*" for our meditations and prayers, but too much noise of people and too much waves and rolling, rolling always ; and we were ill very often because it is rough Lake. And we could not do anything on board but we spend time for nothing, roused and routed with the waves.

And then the Lord Bishop of Nyasaland, Bishop Gerard Trower he make good advice to forbid there to be College on the "*C.M.*", for it no good at all ; and that is the reason why we left the "*C.M.*" And Bishop Gerard Trower he chose the site Nkwazi to be the St. Andrew's College. And our teacher was the Rev. G. H. Wilson, my helper for always, and so in 1905 we start at St. Andrew's College. And we were three candidates, Augustine Ambali, Eustace Malisawa, and Leonard Kangati was Reader. And the Rev. G. H. Wilson he was very nice to us and he was very keen on his work and he was never tired to teach us, for he is friend of Native education and he likes us ; and we are very thankful to him for helping us. And on December 21, 1906, Bishop Trower he ordained me priest.

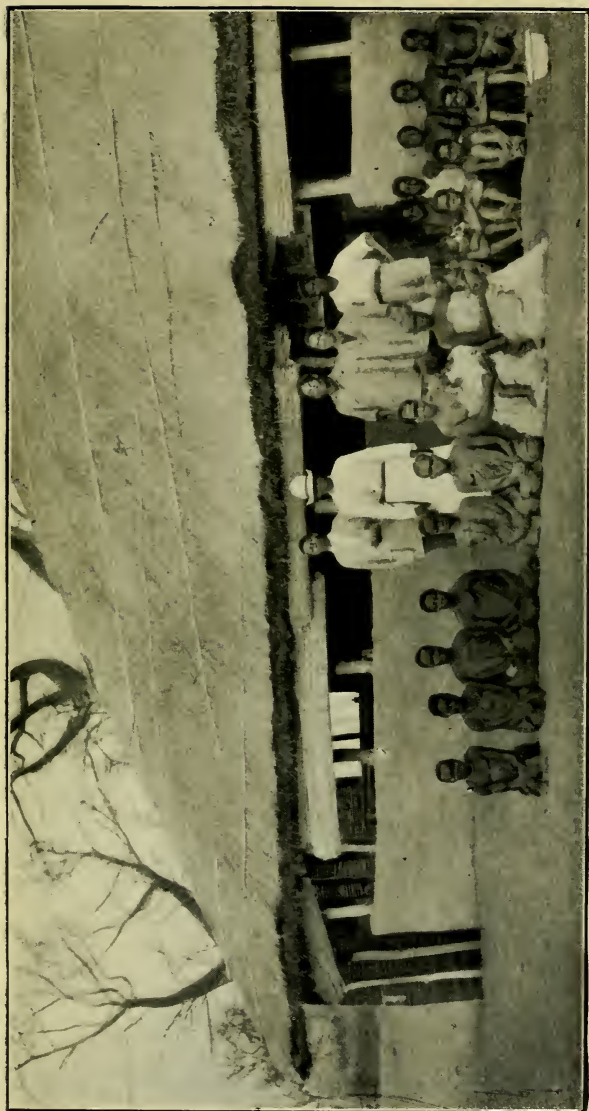
CHAPTER VIII

Life as Priest-in-Charge of Msumba

THE day that I was ordained priest I left Likoma and came to Msumba, and the Lord Bishop Trower sent me here again to be in charge of Msumba and Chia villages, and I have stayed here until now. And on Christmas Day 1906 I celebrated my first Holy Communion, and the native people they did not mock me and slight me that I was black man, no. And since 1907 I have worked here alone with my teachers, no Europeans with me, but only myself and my teachers. And the work has progressed here by the grace of God, and some they have believed and some they have not. And since I have lived here as priest the Bishop has come every year to confirm the Christians.

In these years I remember I went to Likoma for the Conference and Retreat, and the Lord Bishop he did give us good addresses and they were on Responsibility and Sonship, and on Revelation and Life, and on Vocation and Self-discipline, and other subjects, and they were very nice addresses, and of some of them I remember the words and some of them I have forgotten.

And the Mission work it has progressed here at Lake Nyasa, and year by year lots of people believe the word of God ; at first it was very hard and very



CANON AUGUSTINE AMBALI AND SOME OF HIS PARISHIONERS AT NGOO BAY, HIS PRESENT STATION.

difficult to get the people to come and be hearers, but little by little they increase from every village, and so they came to be catechumens, and after these years the Church stands all over the Lake ; but there are many people yet who do not believe still now, and this is our great work, to bring the people to our Lord Jesus to believe in Him. We cannot force them by power, but bring them by our preaching and our examples. Since 1907 many people have believed and been baptized, and there are lots of communicants now at Msumba, and the little villages are full of Christians, and there are many churches. And I have built schools and put teachers and monitors in the villages to teach the people, and the Mission helps them.

And many of the boys in my school here and at Chia have become teachers, and some people have called Msumba the " mother of teachers " because there have been so many, and some of them have been very good teachers indeed, but some have not been good at all. And every month I make my ulendo to see my teachers and the schools and to preach to the people.

And on February 3, 1911, our new Lord Bishop he arrived here at Msumba and went on to Likoma, and he has been here until now. And in 1911 also there was the great calamity of Mr. Douglas's death on November 10, and he had been our examiner, our excellent Mr. Douglas, and he was helpful indeed to us ; and I need not detail all the news about his death because it is all in his life and you can read in it all these matters. And the native people they called him *ngoma yabwino* [good drum], and they did it because he was a good preacher.

And now these are all my reminiscences, my news, for I cannot write any more about my work here, and there is much that I have forgotten, but it is enough ; and now I desire to denominate [describe] here some of the members of the Mission that I remember. There was Mr. Wimbush ; I remember him very much, and I worked with him on mainland and he was very keen on work, and he was devotion man also, and he was very gentle and liked us, the black men ; and there was Mr. Barnes too, and he was devotion man and watched in prayer, and I liked them both to be with me, and I cannot see them now by eyes, but I can see them in faith and in prayer, and they work the work in other parts of the world now.

And I denominate the Rev. John George Philipps, and he was my familiar friend when he was in this world, and he died when I was at St. Andrew's College ; and he was a pleasant companion to me, and we talked together in my house, and when I was in College and he was in hospital I went to see him, but he was very ill indeed. And he was very gentle and meek, and he was fond of black men. And I remember him particularly that one day he told me always to " do your best and leave the other things," and I have always remembered that all over my life.

Mr. G. Sherriff, was captain of the *Charles Janson*, and he gave up all things, money and wife and daughters, to help us here in Africa, and then he died here for the Gospel's sake. He was very gentle too and he loved us, and I remember one day when one of the white men who was with us was saying foolish words, that black men were like monkeys, Mr. Sherriff rebuked him and said : " Do not say that ;

black men and white men have different skins, but we are the same spirits and one blood ; do not say like that ” ; and Mr. Sherriff he stayed in Africa with us until he died, and I knew him very well indeed.

And, as I have said, I have been here now thirty years to work the work of God, here in the middle of a heathen people, and sometimes it has seemed very hard work, and sometimes it intermingles the work with danger both to soul and body ; and I am sorry I cannot write any more circumstances about my work here, but I hope somebody afterward will write again about all the news. And I think the work of the Government to rescue the slaves it was not vain work, for there was in it something done to send teachers to spread the work of God and to preach the Gospel to the heathen countries.

And I am one of them ; God called me from my birth to be Christian and has sent me here to Nyasaland, though it is not my country but strange country ; and I am old man now, but I do my portion and leave the rest to others ; but not yet is finished my duty, not till death come to me and so I cannot boast at all, for my work it is not done yet. And this is the ending of all my news, and my conclusion news to all my life that the things we disdain they will be turned good things.

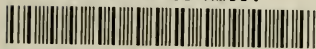
| | | | |
|---------|--|--|-------------------|
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| GAYLORD | | | PRINTED IN U.S.A. |

ities'
n the
West-

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

MOOB 276.89 Aml6t



3 4401 0003 8223 4

276.89

Aml6t

Ambali, Augustine

AUTHOR

Thirty years in Nyasaland

TITLE

DATE DUE

BORROWER'S NAME

276.89

Aml6t

